The Sketch

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DUCAL WEDDING SNAPSHOT.

This charming and unconventional snapshot of the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND *and his bride, formerly* LADY ELIZABETH MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT, *shows them arriving at Admiralty House, where the reception was held after their marriage at Westminster Abbey.* LADY CAROLINE MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT, *the bridesmaid, is efficiently arranging the train of her sister's lovely white satin dress, while the bridegroom looks on pensively—for this is an affair in which he can offer no assistance! The marriage was a most brilliant function attended by the King and Queen, the Princesses, Queen Mary, King George of the Hellenes, the Duchess of Kent, Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay, and members of practically every historic or distinguished family in the country. The bride, who served in the W.R.N.S. during the war, is the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry and a niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, and the bridegroom is the eldest surviving son of the eighth Duke of Northumberland and of Helen, Duchess of Northumberland. The Abbey was beautifully decorated with huge vases of arum lilies and summer flowers, and the bride's classic white satin dress was cut with a full skirt falling into a long train. Her tulle veil was held in place by a magnificent pearl-and-diamond coronet.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

A Blot in the 'Scutcheon. There are two games which are commonly supposed to be the lowest depth of human degradation. One is called spillikins and the other bumblepuppy. Whether they actually exist, or ever have existed, or whether they are mere figments of some morbid imagination, I do not know; but I have not the slightest idea what they are, I have never played them, and I have never met anybody who has played them. The fact remains that, in popular estimation, a man who will play spillikins is capable of anything. A shudder, therefore, passed through the entire British Commonwealth of Nations when one of his Majesty's Ambassadors inaugurated his term of office by stating publicly that spillikins was superior to cricket, which he described as "the dullest game ever invented." There has been no shudder comparable to this shudder since a certain fast bowler aimed V-1's and V-2's at the persons of Australian batsmen, thereby involving not only bones, but sticks and stones, and even names.

"So finally I was forced to bale out at 6000 ft."
"Good gracious! I trust your parachute opened?"
[DRAWN BY PITTS.]

Honour is at Stake.

Not even the most isolationist opinion on the American Continent applauded this blow at the heart of the British Constitution. It was no more popular than if Lord Inverchapel had said tersely, "Baseball is bunk." The immediate reaction was that his Excellency was "talking right through the top of his hat" and that he was "only a Scotsman, anyhow." It only remains for Lord Inverchapel to give further proof of his detachment from all national prejudices by saying that bumblepuppy is better than golf. The whole thing has merely introduced another kink into an international situation already sufficiently complicated. We do not send ambassadors abroad to queer our pitches—at least, that is not usually the intention, though it is sometimes the result. It astounds me that no questions have been asked in the House about this very grave matter. Before we know where we are, one of our representatives abroad will be saying that the horse is not a noble animal, or that a fox does not enjoy being hunted, or something of that sort—and *then* where will our prestige be?

Fine Weather for Ducks.

How anybody who has followed cricket during the present season can say that it is a dull game utterly passes my comprehension. This game calls forth all the qualities required by the most daring amphibious operations. It is reported that one county match was held up because seagulls were swimming and diving all over the wicket. This fact should be noted by naturalists, because it is not sufficiently recognised that seagulls, alone among birds, have a lively interest in all manly sports. I have a vivid recollection of one which, when I had reached the edge of the green in a snappy three, lifted my ball and deposited it, with nice judgment, two feet from the hole. It was the most intelligent bird I have ever met, and I regret to have to add that I missed the putt, chiefly owing to the unsporting attitude of my opponent. I am not at all surprised to hear of seagulls seizing on their comparatively rare opportunities of studying cricket, and I should not even be surprised, this summer, to hear of cricketers being embarrassed by the large number of swans in the outfield. It is one of those things for which, so far as I know, the Laws of Cricket do not provide.

CHIC.
DRAWN BY MARLOR.

"Will the queue that's trying to batter its way on, *please* make way for the queue that's trying to force its way off?" [DRAWN BY SILENUS.]

" That 's the dressed lobster over there . . . the gent here is the boiled turbot. . . ."

DRAWN BY BEAR.

Foxing the Compass.

You would think that, in these circumstances, the job of the meteorologists would be simple. All they have to do is to announce, in whatever technical language amuses them, that it will rain to-morrow, and they will establish a reputation for uncanny accuracy. But they *will* monkey about with depressions—and that V-Day depression played a practical joke on them which, I fear, it will take them long to live down. They expected it to move north (to Manchester, I presume), and it suddenly decided to veer west, with the unfortunate result that " fair and warmer " became colder and wetter. Now, I will tell the meteorologists something which they will find very useful in all their future calculations. Depressions always veer. In particular, they always veer upon any place, body of persons or occasion which depends for its success on fine weather. That, in a nutshell, is the English climate. There is always a depression, and it will always veer—that is all that anybody needs to know about the science of meteorology, except, of course, the first principle of social existence, which is never to be parted from one's umbrella for five minutes.

The King of Birds.

Depressions, however, are depressing, and I return to the subject of birds. They have been forced on my attention lately not only by sporting seagulls, but by a " parlement of foules," or rather of oules, which have been persistently disturbing my slumbers. There is a bird nobler and more famous than the seagull or the owl, and it is known as the eagle. It is a rather remarkable bird in American heraldry, because it holds an olive-branch in one talon and a sheaf of menacing arrows in the other. The suggestion is that if you don't accept the one, you will get the other. It is obviously not a bird to be trifled with. I have always been interested in it ever since I saw Max's cartoon of Walt Whitman exhorting it to soar.

The Gentle Art of Prodding.

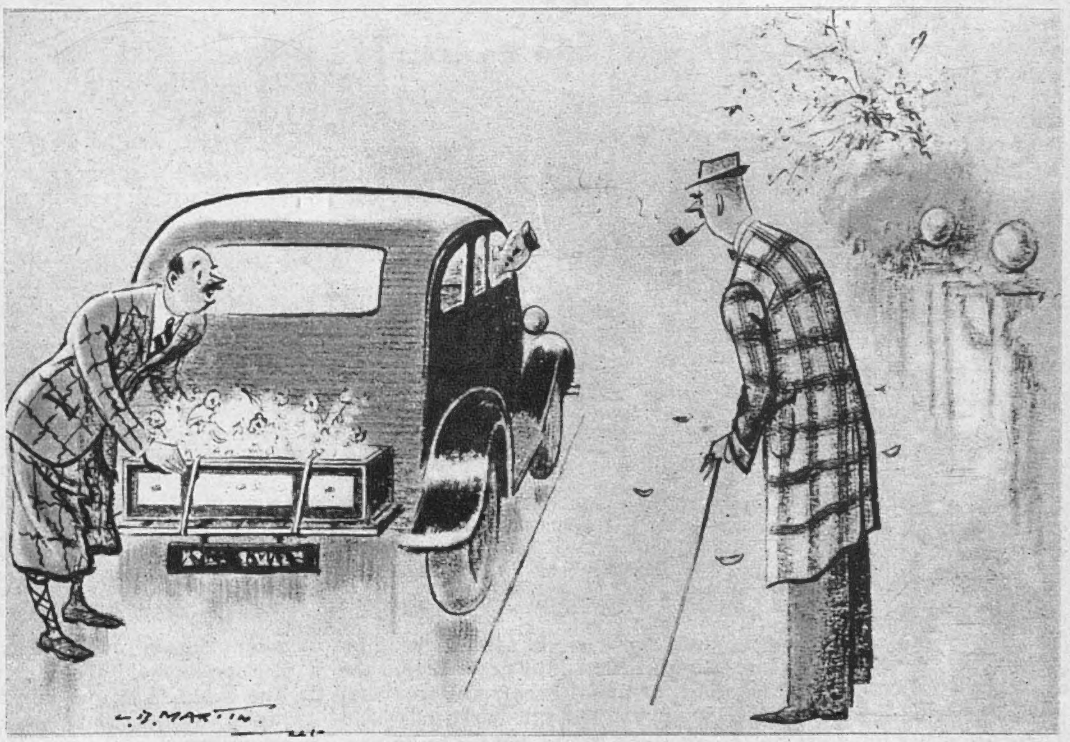
Strange things, according to Mr. Churchill, are happening to this celebrated bird. He " sits on his perch, a large, strong bird with formidable beak and claws. There he sits motionless, and Mr. Gromyko is sent day after day to prod him with a sharp-pointed stick—now in his neck, now under his wings, now his tail feathers. All the time the eagle keeps quite still, but it would be a mistake to suppose that nothing is going on inside the breast of the eagle." One has heard of tail-twisting, but this is the first time one has heard of feather-prodding. It is a dangerous sport. There was a grand little lad named Albert who prodded a lion with a stick with an 'orse's 'ead 'andle. Does Mr. Gromyko know what happened to him ? Mr. Stanley Holloway ought to tell him privately one of these days.

" So long as the unexploded bomb remains in the basement, my dear, the owners won't return, and our tenancy is safe." [DRAWN BY MASKEE.]

Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make ?

Mr. Churchill is not the only statesman who has been making momentous pronouncements. One of the most profound has come from Mr. Ernest Bevin. When asked recently what his foreign policy really was, he replied : " To go down to Victoria Station, get a railway ticket, and go where the hell I like without a passport or anything else." Right Honourable Sir, I could not agree with you more ! That was the kind of free world which once existed, but it disappeared in 1914, and since then the world has consisted of a number of areas with high walls round them and with barbed wire, spikes and broken bottles on top of the walls. In this age of " annihilated distance," the whole object of international relations seems to be to prevent anybody going anywhere. It requires more imagination than I can command to suppose that there will be any " international understanding " so long as that is the World Order. I don't think a holiday in Elysium would be worth the doing and undoing, the queueing and unqueueing, the fuss and bother and delay and exasperation, which are necessary preliminaries to the simplest excursion abroad nowadays.

[*Continued overleaf.*



" The wife thought a drive would do the plants in the window-box good."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

The one-hundred-and-forty-fourth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of " The Sketch " is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

The Infallible. Mr. Bevin is certainly a man of original ideas, for he not only wants to go roaming about the place without a passport, but he has stated unblushingly that Eton and Harrow may not be so bad after all! Occasionally they may produce a chap who is capable of doing quite a useful job. Really, there is no end to the surprising things we learn from statesmen nowadays. Thus, Mr. Shinwell tells us that "the very word apology offends my intellectual sense." Some people—not the nicest sort of people, in my experience—find it very difficult to apologise, however wrong they may be; but what is offended is not their intellect, but their pride. If Mr. Shinwell's intellect is offended by the admission that he may have been wrong, this must mean that it just isn't reasonable to suppose that he can ever be anything but right. Lucky Mr. Emanuel Shinwell! His first name, if I remember aright, means "God with us."

Sweets of Office.

I envy politicians not only their capacity for saying profound, thought-provoking things, but, on a more material plane, the nice little perquisites which they seem to pick up. Mr. Churchill, for example, has now received so many freedoms of so many places that the Four Freedoms also ran. "With a great price bought I this freedom"? On the contrary, if you are Mr. Churchill, and you go to the Woodford Green V-Day celebrations, you get, along with your freedom, a ticket entitling you to a ride on a roundabout, a donkey ride, a glass of lemonade and a jam tart! And then an admiring young constituent presents you with her sweet ration for three months! All very kind and generous, but there is something missing: I do not notice a single cigar among the privileges of freedom. However, perhaps Mr. Churchill had one of his own. Turning to another constituency, I find that the Minister of Agriculture is endowed by a supporter with a practically unlimited supply of honey. And that's public life—just one big jam tart, one bottomless pot of honey! In short, jam to-morrow and honey to-day.

Here we have the Senior "P" (Personnel) Staff Officer, Group Captain Bitmead, and his deputy, Wing Commander Richards, of H.Q., FIGHTER COMMAND, R.A.F., together with some of his Staff Officers, whose innumerable duties include dealing with the various problems of personnel and their postings. A fairly strenuous job, but they look well on it.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

Money for Jam. The price of jam, however, is said to be gunpowder—not the sort that you fire off, but the sort that you eat, or at all events the sort that bilious little boys were made to eat in the distant, barbarous past. There are other remedies now—but there is still a price to be paid for jam. Let us consider (for the sake of argument) a stolen kiss to be jam. Just think—and tremble—what it cost a certain learned Professor in California. His wife petitioned against that brimming spoonful of jam, and it cost the respondent his professorship, his house (to the value of £10,000), all his furniture, office equipment, reference library, alimony of £40 a month to his wife, the custody of his son and even the title of the book on which he was working. Now, far be it from me to preach, but is any jam, were it compounded of nectar and ambrosia, worth all that gunpowder? Professors sometimes teach us more than they realise.

Corpse-Reviving.

Yes, there is a price for everything—even for a convivial evening among friends; and some have found, in this case, that there is also a 100 per cent. purchase tax. I don't know that I ought to tell you this, but it seems that there are no longer any terrors in a hangover. All you have to do is to run down to Shoeburyness, where the local spa-water, pumped up from 1000 ft., contains 27 different chemicals, including a strong admixture of sulphuric acid. No hangover can stand up against this; the local wiseacres say that it will even go through a tin kettle in a week. Dan Leno used to say of water: "It rots old boots—what must it do to the human stomach?" What is true of water ought to be even more true of sulphuric acid. However, why make a special journey to Shoeburyness? Any competent pharmacist ought to be able to compound a restorative draught of 27 chemicals, with a sulphuric acid base. It's the corrosion that does it.

Wonderful World.

"A wife has been granted a divorce in Boston, U.S., because her husband beat her in tune to the radio." Tempo or temper?—First crates of young rooks (2s. 8d. a brace, for pies) have been despatched from Caithness to London. One would have thought that London had quite enough rooks, young and old, already.—Actual advertisement in staid weekly: "Young man, interested Palestrina, Aquinas, modern humour, apologetic but keen pianist, seeks accommodation (2 miles Euston) with faintly mad people, preferably Europe-lovers." Wouldn't the Hanwell district be more promising?—The Y.M.C.A., appealing for a reduction of rating assessment of a hostel, states that service girls "need more comfort." Any volunteers?

Recessional. V-Day is over. The Government has given us circuses. Will it now give us bread?

GO ON SAVING PAPER: IT IS STILL ESSENTIAL.

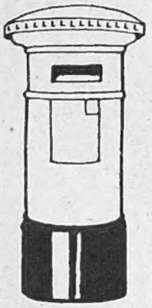
MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD'S FIANCÉE.

The engagement of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the recently appointed Governor-General of the Malayan Union and the Colony of Singapore, to MRS. ROWLEY, *widow of Lieut.-Colonel John Rowley, D.S.O., and eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon Fellowes, of Ottawa, was announced in May, and the marriage will take place as soon as Mr. MacDonald can take the necessary time off. He left England in May to take up his new post. He served as High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in Canada from 1941 until early this year, when his new appointment was announced. His bride-elect was one of Ottawa's most beautiful débutantes. She is the mother of two children. Her father is chief of the Ottawa Income Tax Office.*

PORTRAIT BY KARSH, OF OTTAWA.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Yesterday I was taking down the flags which we had put up for the Peace Celebrations. The Conductor and Charles were helping me, and Lady B. and Faith were looking on and offering advice.

"Well," said Charles, sliding gently down the garage roof on his behind, with the last bit of bunting round his neck, "that 's that."

"Do be careful, Charles," I said. "Next winter is going to be quite difficult enough without me being a widow as well."

Charles sat on the edge of the roof with his legs dangling and threw the flags of the Allies one by one down to me. "They 're getting a bit shop-soiled," he said. "I wonder when we 'll be putting them up again?"

"Never, I hope," said the Conductor. "It seems to me we only put up flags in this country to show things aren't quite so awful as they were just before."

"We put them up for Coronations, too," said Faith.

"'God bless Australia!'"

"So we do," said the Conductor. "I 'd quite forgotten. It seems a long time ago, doesn't it?"

We all fell silent, thinking of the days which had been without fear.

"Good old Southern Cross," said Charles, lowering the Australian flag reverently into my waiting hands.

"God bless Australia!" I said with emotion. "If you 'd *seen* the parcel I got last week!"

"I hope they realise how grateful we are," said Lady B. "Sometimes I feel that not enough thank-yous are being said."

"I wish there was a word which meant more than thank you, and that you were only allowed to use it five times a year," I said. "You could just write it on a Postcard-please and it would have a terrific effect on whoever got it."

"What a terribly good idea!" said the Conductor, who likes this sort of conversation, and he sat down on the edge of a hydrangea tub. "Everybody would have to be rationed, of course. You 'd go to the Post Office and say, 'May I have a THANK-YOU postcard, please?' and give up a coupon."

"But supposing you 'd used them all," said Faith. "I mean to say, if somebody went into the Cathedral City for you on a wet day and fetched the dog's meat, naturally you 'd want to do something handsome in return, and so you 'd send them your last THANK-YOU and then afterwards you might get a parcel."

"Well," said the Conductor, "you 'd just have to write and say that you 'd have liked to send them a THANK-YOU, only, unfortunately, you had used your year's ration."

"I suppose they 'd be sold in the Black Market," said Lady B. Charles was still swinging his legs and not listening to this absorbing conversation, for his thoughts were in Australia, and suddenly he said, "Let 's go back."

"To Australia?"

"Why not? In England the Summer sun doesn't shine any more, and in Winter there isn't enough coal, and Henrietta, I forbid you to say anything about primroses."

"Let 's all go!" cried Faith.

"They probably won't want us now, Charles," I said; "we 're too old."

"I 'm too old," said Lady B. "Australia is lovely, but I want to die here and be buried in English earth, so that my body can help to manure the ground and pay back a little of what I owe it."

"They 'll probably build houses on top of you," said Charles, "which would really be better without manure."

Lady B. said Charles was the most depressing man she had ever met, and he had to promise her that somehow he would arrange for her to be buried in a cornfield. "But if you won't come to Australia, darling Lady B., then it 's off," he said, and he jumped briskly from the roof and began rolling up the flags.

Then we went indoors and I lit the fire, for a cold, cold wind was blowing from the east, and Charles got out The-Last-of-The-Gin and poured us each a drink.

"It isn't fair to drink your gin, Charles," said Faith, seizing the glass from him and swallowing an enormous gulp.

"'It isn't fair to drink your gin, Charles.'"

"Faith is quite right," said the Conductor, draining his to the dregs.

"Another bottle next month, with luck," said Charles. "Come on, we 'll finish this one now."

"It 's a funny thing," said Lady B., gazing into the fire, "—thank you, Charles, that is enough—but I often used to think about us, or what might be left of us, sitting here after the War, and here we are; but it isn't a bit like what I thought."

"Jollier somehow," said Faith. "I mean, you thought it would be jollier."

"Yes," said Lady B. "Jollier."

"When I look back on what I did in the War, I don't feel very proud," I said. "I wish I had been in a midget submarine or been parachuted into somewhere or helped to win the Battle of Britain."

"But you couldn't do any of those things," said Faith.

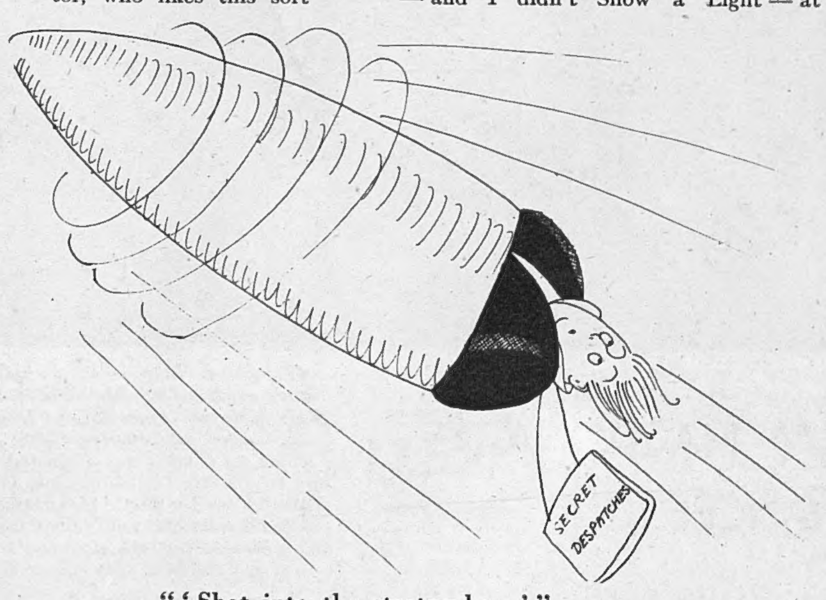
"I know, and I 'd have been too frightened, anyway."

"If you 're trained for something you 're not as frightened as if you 're not," said Charles.

"Well, I was frightened all the time, and with very little cause," I said sadly. "The only things I did which were any good were negative things. I didn't waste paper, and I didn't indulge in Careless Talk or spread despondency and alarm, and I didn't waste food——"

"I hope you still don't," said Faith.

"—and I didn't Show a Light—at least, only once, and then I got fined for it, and I didn't take unnecessary journeys in trains."



"'Shot into the stratosphere.'"

"If you *had* done all those things you 'd be feeling worse now," said the Conductor kindly.

"If we have another War I shall volunteer for something pretty dangerous," said Lady B. "Something like being shot into the stratosphere with secret despatches. One may as well die gloriously."

"Come on," said Charles. "There 's still a drop left."

Always
your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

H.M. THE KING *started the Polytechnic Harriers' Marathon Race from Windsor Castle to Chiswick Stadium, a course of some 26 miles, which was won by H. S. Oliver of Reading.*

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER S. ANGUS BOSVILLE MACDONALD OF THE ISLES, *son of Sir Godfrey and the Hon. Lady Bosville Macdonald of the Isles, of Thorpe Hall, Rudston, married* MISS MARY ELIZABETH GIBBS, *eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. C. B. Gibbs, at St. Michael's, Chester Square.*

Left : MISS SUSAN WINN, *younger daughter of the Hon. Charles Winn and of the Hon. Lady Baillie, is engaged to Captain the Hon. Geoffrey Russell, Irish Guards, only son of Lord Ampthill and of Christabel, Lady Ampthill.*

MISS PATRICIA VALERIE HENNESSY, *daughter of Sir Patrick and Lady Hennessy, The Cottage, Stondon Massey, married* MAJOR ANTHONY DEREK VALENTINE HOUGH, *son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hough, of Folyats, Ongar, at St. Nicholas Church, Fyfield, Essex.*

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING *and* QUEEN, PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* PRINCESS MARGARET *attended the wedding of the Duke of Northumberland to Lady Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott, at Westminster Abbey, and are seen leaving after the ceremony with the* DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

MARATHON FROM WINDSOR, WEDDINGS AND AN ENGAGEMENT.

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

GASTON BATY'S adaptation of "THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV" has long been one of the classics of the modern French theatre, and now Mr. Alec Guinness' English version of this great book has been put on at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Dostoievsky's novels, though dramatic in the highest degree, are not at all theatrical. Fearful and ghastly incidents abound in them; but these physical signs of conflict and excitement are trifling, when set beside the interior debates of which they are, at most, the ineffective symbols. Mr. Guinness has known how to set several of the big scenes on the stage; quarrels, orgies, nightmares, touching farewells and convulsive family brawling fill out what is, by ordinary play-going standards, an exciting and eventful evening. Mr. Peter Brook, that very good and very young producer, employs all possible virtuosity of means in order to suggest that these transplanted characters do in fact still inhabit their own terrible world; and Mr. Guinness has loyally tried to sketch in the great issues of good and evil, guilt and expiation, on which the book rests. But Dostoievsky's characters are many times larger than life: each symbolises in himself a whole attitude to existence. No actor, however good, can summarise in a few minutes the complex of motive and thought which has occupied a master-novelist for several hundred pages. Our language itself has become weak and thin since once Shakespeare could have made a play on this subject; even our stage conventions oppose it. Mr. Frederick Valk is the most powerful actor on the English stage, and his Karamazov is a slavering, reeking monster; but when Mr. Valk has ceased to tear through the play like a demented boar, the restrictions of the English temperament make it difficult to recapture this first shock to the senses. Mr. Guinness, himself a naturally sensitive and reflective actor (remember his admirable Hamlet), does very well in the first scenes of violence, and excellently in the final scenes of agony and dismemberment of mind; but the orgy remained rooted in Hammersmith. Mr. Ernest Milton stood up well to Mr. Valk, but he and Mr. Pierre Lefevre were handicapped by our national disinclination to believe in goodness incarnate on the stage. Several other accomplished players appeared momentarily; but the play narrowed down to the plight of Mr. Guinness, and most beautifully did he sustain it. This is a play which, however imperfectly, aims to extend and deepen our knowledge of ourselves; those who are not deterred by this fact will find themselves unforeseeably moved by many details in this most intelligent production.

*"The Kingmaker" (St. James's), by Margaret Luce, is a dramatic portrait of that Earl of Warwick who put Edward IV. on the throne. Here Lady Rivers (*DAME IRENE VANBRUGH*) asks: "How much does Edward like you?" and Lady Grey (*KAY HAMMOND*), her daughter Elizabeth, replies: "Oh, Madam, you have not kept pace! He loves me very much."*

"The Brothers Karamazov" (Lyric, Hammersmith) is Alec Guinness' stage adaptation of Dostoievsky's long novel; is directed by Peter Brook. L. to r., Alyosha Karamazov, the religious brother (PIERRE LEFEVRE); *Ivan, the philosophical brother* (RAYMOND JAQUARELLO); *and their father, Karamazov* (FREDERICK VALK).

Murder, which in Dostoievsky is a symbolical act with infinite reverberations, is for most English playwrights merely an interesting incident in the lives of otherwise uninteresting people. Thus at Hammersmith we watch three brothers agonising over their self-attributed guilt, after a crime which none of them has committed; and at the Apollo, where Mr. and Mrs. Christie's excellent thriller "GRAND NATIONAL NIGHT" is now running, we watch with equal sympathy the efforts of the hero to evade the consequences of a crime of which he believes himself to be guilty. But Mr. Leslie Banks has us all with him; in fact, if he hadn't disposed of his wife, the audience would have volunteered as one man to do it for him. Once the deed was done, and Miss Hermione Baddeley, as the drunken wife, was replaced by Miss Hermione Baddeley as the genial sister-in-law (both these performances had the cutting edge of the practised revue artist), the Christies produced that rare thing—a detective play which is intensely exciting, concerned with believable people and scrupulously fair in its procedure. Beautiful light-comedy performances by Messrs. Frederick Lloyd and Archibald Gatty; faithful retainer done to perfection by Mr. Charles Groves; desirable young lady (drawn from life, not from genteel convention) by Miss Olga Edwardes; policemen (not too inconveniently sharp) by Messrs. Campbell Copelin and Vincent Holman. I enjoyed every second of this play.

At Covent Garden, the Sadler's Wells Ballet has revived "GISELLE." Tastefully redecorated by Mr. James Bailey (his second-act sets effectively gave us the Wilis, if one may so put it), this ancient piece stands or falls by the performance of Giselle; just how securely it stands, with Miss Fonteyn to support it, I need hardly say. The least traces of exertion have now vanished from her performance, which has the easy largeness of the great artist; and a hundred things which, in lesser dancers, would give occasion for praise, may in her case be taken for granted. Mr. Alexis Rassine, deputising for Mr. Helpmann, revealed great beauties in his part. But the true reanimator of the evening was Mr. Constant Lambert, who made the music of Adolphe Adam sound like the best early Verdi and aroused, in me at least, a wish to hear Adam's best opera, whose name alone ("Danilowa") should commend it to balletomanes. The evening began with a performance of "Les Patineurs," in which a second eleven, headed by Mr. Brian Shaw, Miss Lorna Mossford and Miss Gillian Lynne, earned and received an unusual ovation.

I could not discern any merit in "THE DOVE AND THE CARPENTER," at the Arts Theatre. This has for its subject a peace conference. I cannot recollect any cliché of topical discussion which had not been aired by the evening, and I was sorry to see Mr. Harold Scott at grips with such unrewarding material.

"Twelfth Night," at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, is played by a subsidiary company of the Old Vic Theatre Company. Sir Toby Belch (ROBERT SANSOM): *"By my life, this is my lady's hand." Above (l. to r.): Malvolio* (NOEL WILLMAN); *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* (BRIAN HAINES); *and Feste* (KENNETH CONNOR).

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "PRIVATE LIVES" (Fortune). "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (Globe). "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy). "UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phœnix.) "SWEETEST AND LOWEST" (Ambassadors).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "HIGH TIME" (Palladium). "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket). "PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome). "THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC" (Coliseum). "THE HASTY HEART" (Aldwych). "NO MEDALS" (Vaudeville). "LADY FROM EDINBURGH" (Playhouse). "THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's). "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's). "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's). "MERRIE ENGLAND" (Princes). "FINE FEATHERS" (Prince of Wales). "WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall). "THE GUINEA-PIG" (Criterion). "SONG OF NORWAY" (Palace). "FIFTY-FIFTY" (Strand). "MAKE IT A DATE" (Duchess). "BETTER LATE" (Garrick). "HERE COME THE BOYS" (Saville). "NO ROOM AT THE INN" (Winter Garden). "FRIEDA" (Westminster). "CAN-CAN" (Adelphi). "GANG SHOW" (Stoll). "THE KINGMAKER" (St. James's). "THE WINSLOW BOY" (Lyric). "RED ROSES FOR ME" (Wyndham's).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A LEJEUNE.

IN the not impossible event that you feel the motion pictures could do with a change of style, personnel and scene, I strongly recommend a new Swedish film at the Academy, called "FRENZY." This is a beautifully-managed little work about an adolescent schoolboy who gets involved, out of a chivalrous sort of pity, with a poor little trollop from a tobacconist's shop. The girl is being physically and mentally tormented by the boy's schoolmaster, a sadist of the most refined type. The sufferings of these young people at the man's hands are unsparingly shown, but somehow the film is illuminated by a strange tenderness and a kind of unquenchable hope. The acting of the unfamiliar Swedish cast is a sheer delight; the photography sensitive, and the backgrounds of school and street and lodging-house splendidly true. The only thing about the film I can find to fault is the sub-titling, which is in bad need of an overhaul. Reticence is reticence, but when an impassioned youth, having just discovered the body of the girl whom he supposes his master to have killed, turns on the monster with the mild expostulation, "You perverse old wretch!" it seems to me understatement approaching the point of absurdity.

"HEARTBEAT" (Odeon) is a Hollywood remake of Danielle Darrieux's "Battement de Cœur," which we saw at Studio One sometime last year. I am not among those who beat the breast and tear the hair over the desecration of this particular French comedy, because "Battement," after a splendid Dickensian opening in a school for pickpockets, seemed to me a fairly ordinary and rather superficial bit of film entertainment. Nevertheless, it had a lightness of touch and a kind of cheerful rattle that made it very easy to look at and listen to. "Heartbeat," which follows the original almost shot for shot, has missed this sense of effortless flow altogether.

"Heartbeat" is about a young woman, excellently grounded in a training-school for pickpockets, who steals a tie-pin from a Distinguished Personage, in order to buy herself a husband and settle down to a life of dull and impeccable honesty. The D.P., catching her in the act, decides to turn her indisputable talents to his own advantage. He grooms her, dresses her, briefs her, and sends her to a diplomatic ball, with orders to dance with a certain personable young gentleman and remove his watch. Inside the watch-case, the D.P. has reason to believe, is a photograph of the D.P.'s wife. This suspicion proves to be correct, but by the time the pickpocket has lifted the watch, love has supervened, and the film ends with all the leading characters secure in the suppression of their sins, unrepentant and completely happy.

Probably the Hollywood translators of "Battement" would have been well advised to translate their scene from Paris to some American city, where they would have been more at ease with the setting, the types and the idiom. The only player in "Heartbeat" who gives the faintest suggestion of a Paris type is the juvenile lead, Jean Pierre Aumont, possibly because he is one.

"BEDELIA" (Plaza) is a British film from an American novel by Vera Caspary, which did not seem to me a very distinguished work in the first place, but as a piece of screen-craft strikes me as almost superlatively silly. The scene is Monte Carlo and the Yorkshire moors, and the film belongs to that currently overworked class, the psychological thriller. "Bedelia" begins and ends with a close-up of the portrait of a singularly unattractive female, who is presumably meant to symbolise allure, but looks like nothing on earth except your Aunt Mabel from Cheltenham. Between these close-ups, Miss Margaret Lockwood and the authors, producer and director of "Bedelia" are at pains to interest us in the playful charms of a young woman who has already poisoned three husbands for their insurance money, has just acquired a fourth husband, and is now going round with a pocket phial, the dear gay girl, waiting for a moment alone in the kitchen with the groceries.

"O.S.S." (Office of Strategic Services), due Plaza June 28, is a thrilling story of Americans assigned to help the underground movement in France. Drawn into its coils are John Martin (ALAN LADD) *and sculptor Ellen Rogers* (GERALDINE FITZGERALD), *who train for their jobs in the U.S.A. and land in France before D-Day. Above: Martin meets Ellen at a newspaper kiosk to pass on information about troop movements.*

Two Cities have filmed Stefan Zweig's last novel "Beware of Pity" (Leicester Square), in which a young crippled girl Edith, condemned to life in a wheeled chair, falls passionately for Toni (ALBERT LIEVEN), *who has been kind to her. The celebrated Dr. Condor* (CEDRIC HARDWICKE), *in charge of her, tries to persuade Toni against a decisive step. "To tell her now would be . . . murder!"*

Baron Kokesfalva watches the young man Toni and his daughter Edith (LILLI PALMER) *during a game of chess. Edith hopes she will get better, to marry Toni, but it is only when it is too late that he realises how much he really loved her.*

Should you think of paying a visit to the Carlton to see Barbara Stanwyck, Lizabeth Scott and Van Heflin in "THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS," I suggest you make a point of being in your seat promptly at the beginning of the picture. Otherwise, I fancy you may find yourself without the key to the story. "Martha Ivers" starts with a prologue, showing three of the four leading characters as children. Young Martha Ivers, heiress to vast industrial fortunes and a wayward type, murders her rich and abominable aunt in the presence, as she thinks, of two witnesses, a small boy called Walter and another small boy called Sam. Walter, who knows which side his bread is buttered, stays and supports the heiress in her tissue of lies about a homicidal stranger, and seventeen years later we find him safely married to Martha's millions, and District Attorney of Iverstown. Sam, a youth of less prevision, disappears, and seventeen years later turns up in Iverstown again by the merest accident.

In point of fact, Sam knows nothing about the murder, but naturally Martha and her Walter—I had forgotten to tell you that Walter, besides being an accessory after the fact, is a cringing weakling and a dipsomaniac—naturally this precious pair, with their peculiar ethical code, imagine that Sam has come back to blackmail them, and determine to eliminate him. Sam, however, is not an easily-disposed-of type, and the more his old friends try to get rid of him, the more determined he is to stay on in Iverstown and find out what it is they are so anxious to hide. His obstinacy fascinates Martha, who develops that strange love mentioned in the title, but it doesn't do her any good, since Sam has already attached himself to a girl named Toni, a comparatively pure type who has just come out of prison.

"Martha Ivers" is a fair enough thriller on "Double Indemnity" lines, which should hold your attention more or less consistently for its two-hours running-time. Miss Stanwyck gives her customary fool-proof performance as Martha, and Lizabeth Scott, a young actress with a throaty voice and a sultry look, at least makes the ex-convict a lady of some individuality. A new actor from Broadway, Kirk Douglas, does a nice job with the weakling Walter. Van Heflin, whom I have missed during the war years more than any player on the American screen, comes back as Sam, and by using his wit, his face, his imagination, his hands, his voice and all the rest of a good actor's equipment, gives a routine "tough" part an importance and delicacy it hardly deserves.

"BEWARE OF PITY" (Leicester Square), with Lilli Palmer, Albert Lieven and Cedric Hardwicke, seems to me a sad affair in more ways than one. It is about a cripple girl who fancies she is beloved by a Czech officer in the days before the last war. When she learns that the emotion he feels for her is not love but pity, she puts on a frilly frock and throws herself over a high parapet.

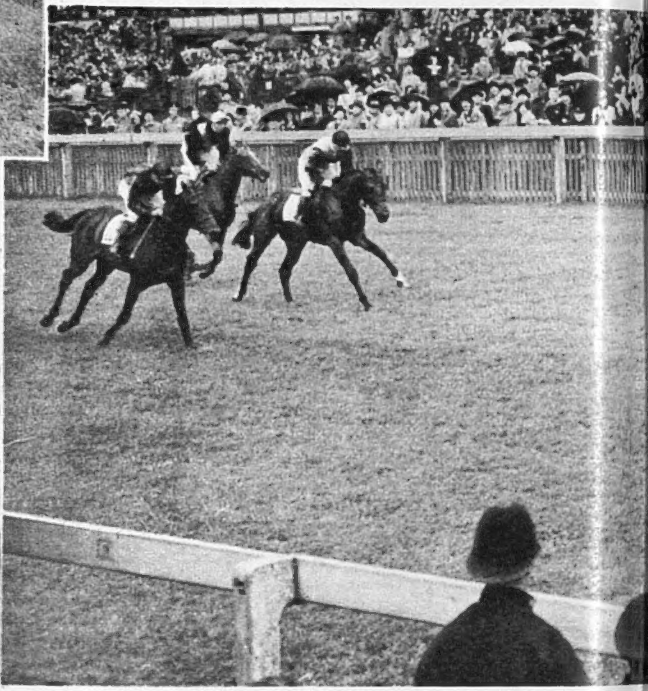
"Premier Rendezvous" is running at the Curzon Cinema, not the Carlton, as stated in our issue of June 12.

ROYAL ASCOT ONCE MORE AFTER SEVEN YEARS:

The Royal Procession on the Tuesday: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING *and* QUEEN *arriving in a Royal landau, with* VISCOUNT LASCELLES *and* THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, *Master of the Horse.*

MRS. HAROLD GRENFELL, THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND *and* THE MARQUESS TOWNSHEND *(r.) on the first day of the first post-war Royal Ascot.*

Right: MR. G. D. ("KHAKI") ROBERTS, K.C., *who has just returned from Nuremberg, arriving at Ascot on the first day.*



THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH STAKES *is a new race at Ascot, named* *from Miss Stripes. Neocracy ran with rare grit. She was not*

THE KING *took* PRINCESS ELIZABETH *right up to the top tier of the stand, where the Royal servants have seats, to watch one of the races from this vantage point.*

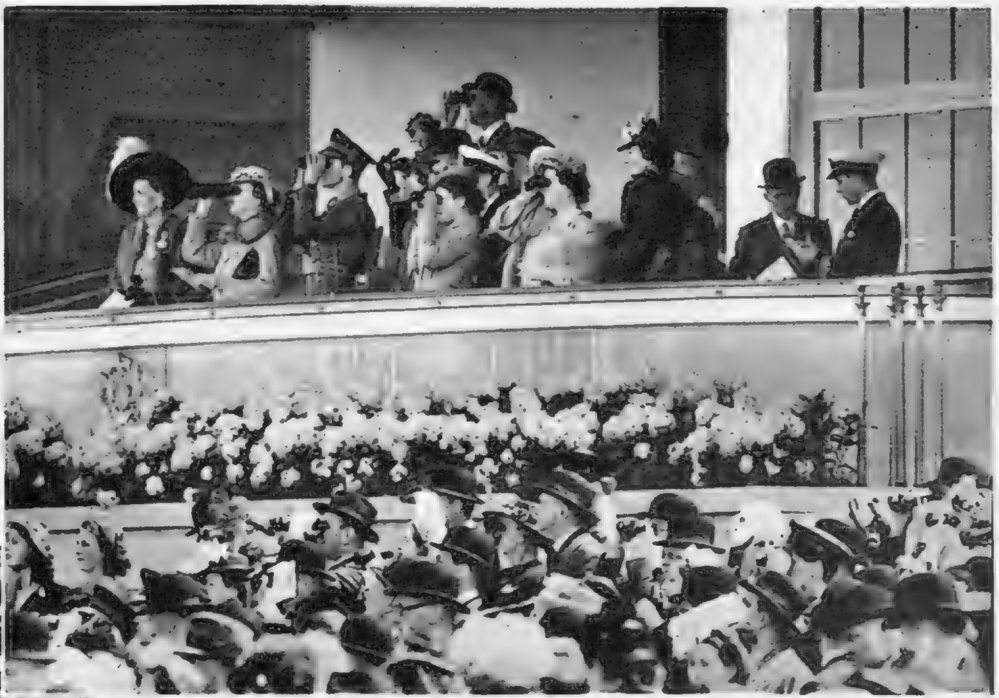
IT was the King's wish that austerity should be the keynote of the first Royal Ascot for seven years, and the weather certainly did its best to ensure that no summer fripperies were worn, for icy winds blew, heavy rain fell and sunshine was sparing in its appearance. But there was a Royal Procession—in open carriages drawn by the Windsor greys on the Tuesday and the Thursday—sport was good and racegoers enjoyed themselves in spite of

[*Continued opposite.*

LADY WINNINGTON *wore a flowered hat and veil—and a warm fur coat.*

AUSTERE BUT ENJOYABLE, IN SPITE OF THE WEATHER.

LADY MELCHETT *arriving on the first day, with her son* THE HON. JULIAN MOND *and débutante daughter,* THE HON. KARIS MOND.



In the Royal Box on the Tuesday : THE DUCHESS OF KENT *and the* PRINCESS ROYAL *(left), and* PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* THE QUEEN *in the centre, watching the racing intently.*

...fter the Heir to the Throne. Neocracy is seen winning this event ...ell away but gradually overhauled the field and won by a neck.

THE HON. MRS. DENYS LOWSON, *younger daughter of the late Lord Strathcarron.*

Continued.]
the severity of the English June. His Majesty was in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet on the first day, and race-goers not in uniform wore lounge suits and bowlers or felt hats. Women favoured neat dresses under long coats, but there were some gay and frivolous hats. Her Majesty wore pale blue on the first day, but was not present on the Wednesday owing to family mourning.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH *wore a small flower-trimmed hat on the opening day, but the wind was so strong that she had to hold it steady when driving down the course.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO— THESE STARS OF THE GEORGE-EDWARDESIAN ERA, for breaking into the limelight again with a fresh appeal.

Above, l. to r.: RUBY MILLER *(Mrs. Max Darewski)*; EVA MOORE *(Mrs. H. V. Esmond)*; GRACE PALOTTA; MAGGIE MAY *(Mrs. Chapman)*; LILY ELSIE *(Mrs. Ian Bullough)*; ROSIE BOOTE *(Rose, Marchioness of Headfort)*; EDNA MAY *(Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn)*; CLARA EVELYN *(Mrs. Julian Day)*; DENISE ORME *(the Duchess of Leinster). These stage favourites of the champagne-in-a-slipper days had tea and a gossip together at the Dorchester last week—prelude to the première of "Gaiety George"—a film "inspired by the life of George Edwardes, that great figure in theatreland" who gave most of these actresses their big chance; launched them on the stage which they left, some for the peerage, some into millionaire homes. The première on June 28 at the Warner Theatre will be held in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, for whom the one-time stars were appealing. Below: pictures of the "post-card girls" in their heyday.*

RUBY MILLER *("baby" of the party) in "A Little Bit of Fluff" at the Criterion, 1915.*

EVA MOORE *playing the lead in "Pilkerton's Peerage" at the Garrick, 1902.*

GRACE PALOTTA *as Dorothy in "A Runaway Girl," sang "Soldiers in the Park" ("Oh, Listen to the Band"), Gaiety, 1898.*

MAGGIE MAY *as the Indian Princess in "A Country Girl," 1902 (Daly's).*

LILY ELSIE *in her famous part as Sonia of "The Merry Widow" at Daly's, 1907.*

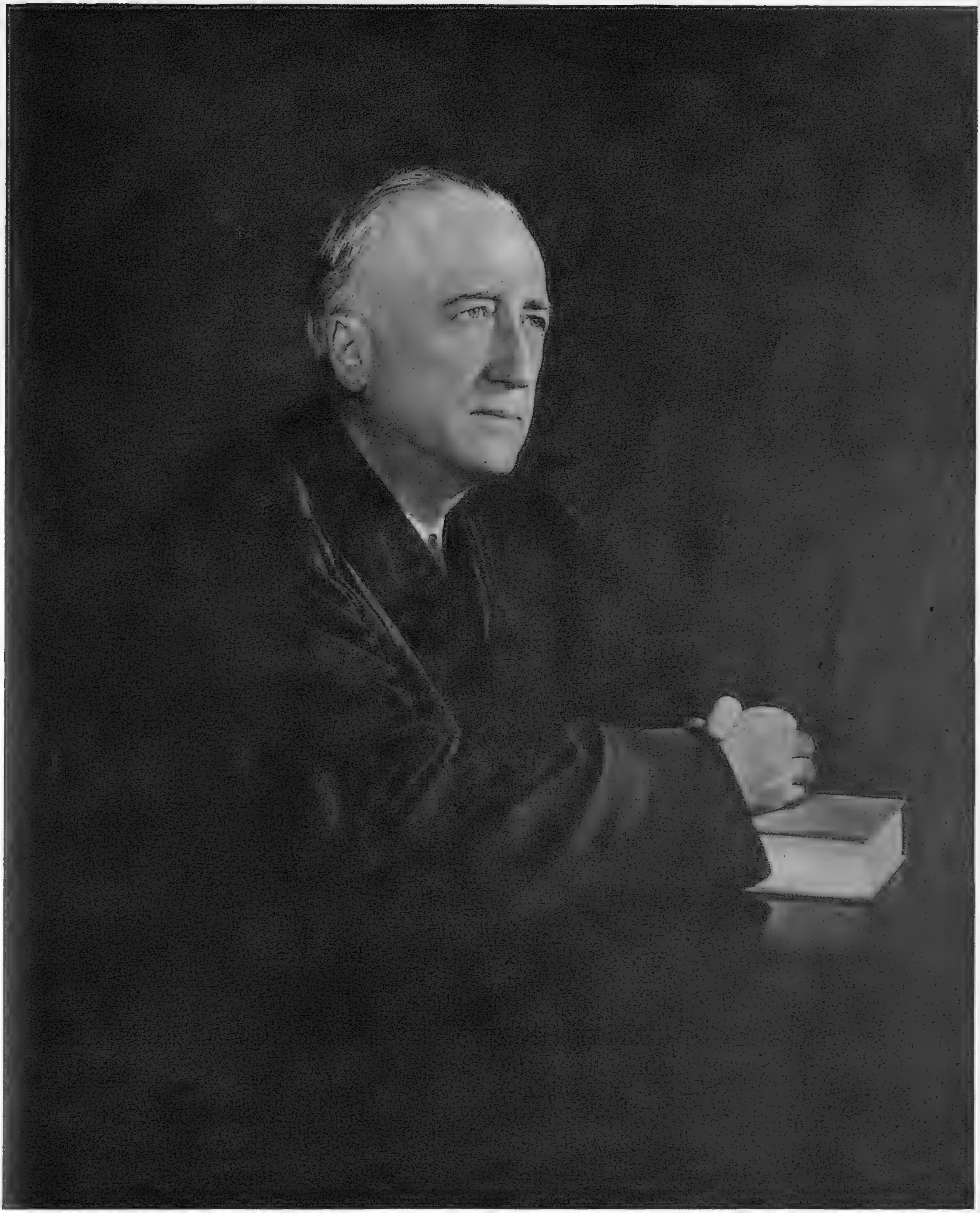
ROSIE BOOTE *sang "Maisie" in "The Messenger Boy" at the Gaiety, 1900.*

EDNA MAY *in "The Belle of New York" at the Shaftesbury, 1898.*

CLARA EVELYN *as Princess Helen in "Princess Caprice" at the Shaftesbury, 1912.*

DENISE ORME *as See-See, the Beauty of Pekin, in "See-See" at the Prince of Wales's, 1906.*

SMALL PHOTOGRAPHS, EXCEPT THE TWO TOP LEFT, BY COURTESY OF THE MANDER-MITCHENSON COLLECTION.



U.S. REPRESENTATIVE AT THE FOREIGN MINISTERS' COUNCIL.

MR. JAMES F. BYRNES, *United States Secretary of State, represents his country at the Foreign Ministers' Council which began its resumed session last week in Paris in the hope that some measure of agreement might be reached on such thorny and controversial subjects as the future of Germany, peace treaties in Europe, and the Austrian question. He is sixty-six years of age and is seen in his robes as Justice of the Supreme Court, the high office which he formerly held. Before his appointment, by Mr. Truman, as Secretary of State, he held office in the Roosevelt Government as Director of War Mobilisation, and accompanied "F.D.R." to Yalta. He is first member of the Cabinet, and next in succession to the Presidency.* [PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH.]

Golf croquet on the lawn: MR. JOHN E. FERGUSON with his daughters, JANE MARY and MANDY ELIZABETH (right).

In the drawing-room: MR. and MRS. F
and MAND

THE OWNER OF THIS YEAR'S DERBY WINNER AT HOME.

Right: On the doorstep of their Surrey home: MR. and MRS. J. E. FERGUSON, with their daughters and family pets.

Seen from the lawn: a view of the hous

Music is one of MR. FERGUSON'S interests. Here he is at the piano with his eldest girl, ANN MARGARET.

MRS. FERGUSON is showing a picture—Ai
MR. FERGUSON and

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

ESON *with* ANN MARGARET, JANE MARY
DY IZABETH.

MR. FERGUSON *is busy weeding the bed of Sweet Williams, but* JANE MARY *and* MANDY ELIZABETH *are not interested.*

MR. JOHN E. FERGUSON, owner of Airborne, the grey colt which won this year's Derby after starting at 50 to 1, is head of a firm of plastic manufacturers, and was as astonished as everyone else when his horse won the great classic. He had only a small bet on it "for luck," while Mrs. Ferguson had also ventured only a modest amount. Mr. Ferguson bought Airborne (Precipitation—Bouquet) at Newmarket two years ago for 3300 guineas, and says that he entered him for the Derby "more as a sporting shot than anything else." He has not many horses in training and this is his first classic victory, though he had a win earlier in the season with his Pandemonium. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson have three daughters—Ann Margaret, aged seventeen-and-a-half, Jane Mary, who is eight, and little Mandy Elizabeth, the three-year-old baby of the family.

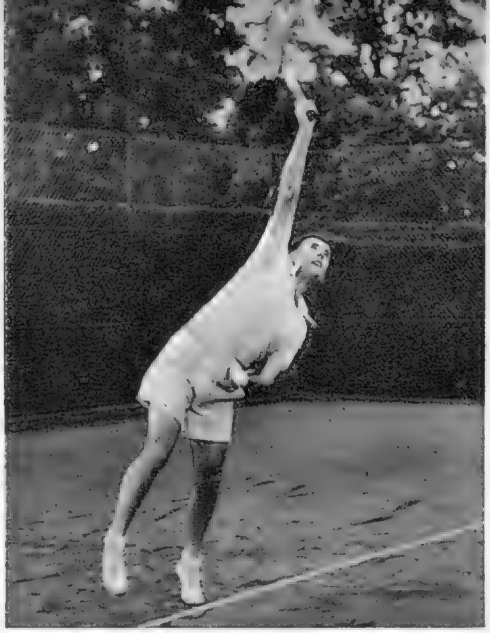
se or 'odalming where the Fergusons live.

Left: MANDY ELIZABETH *takes a ride on the golden retriever, supported by* MR. FERGUSON *and watched by* JANE MARY.

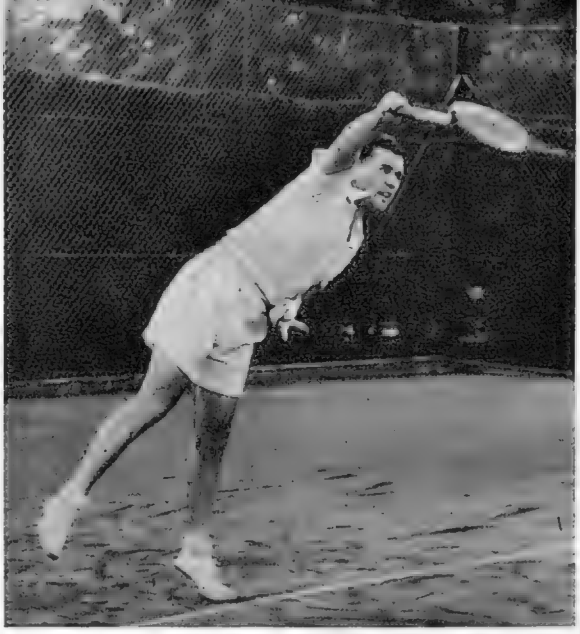
box, perhaps?—to MANDY ELIZABETH, *while*
AN MARGARET *look on.*

MR. *and* MRS. FERGUSON *are showing* JANE MARY *some interesting points about the model ship which stands in one of the rooms in their house.*

Dinny Pails's service: he throws the ball high . . .



and smashes . . .

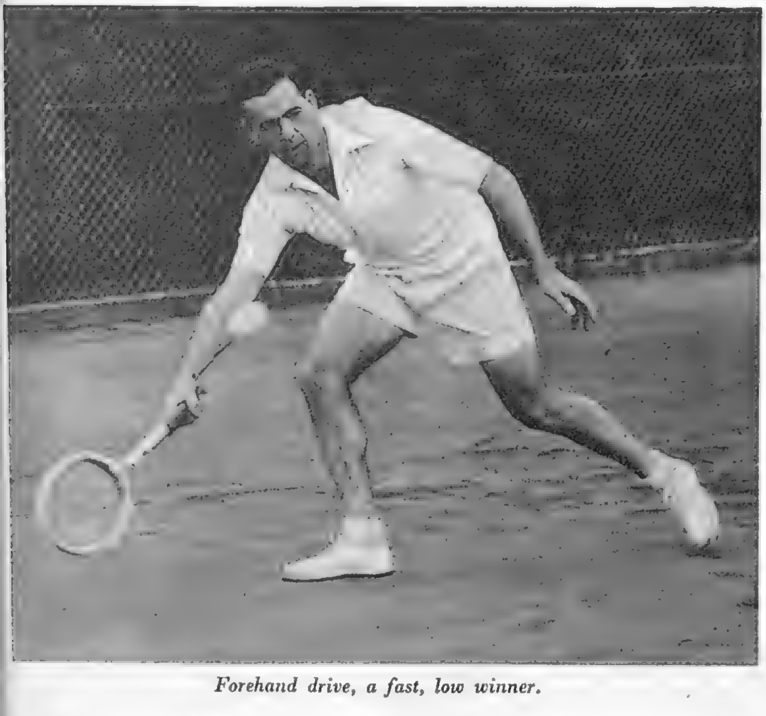


a terrific stroke.

A low forehand return.

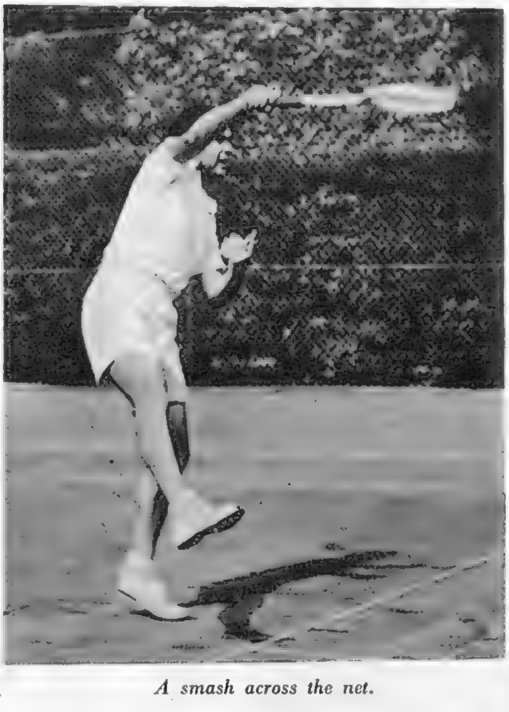
Dinny Pails, Australian lawn-tennis star.

A perfect back-hand return.



Forehand drive, a fast, low winner.

HERE are pictures showing the style of Australian lawn-tennis star DINNY PAILS, ranked No. 2 in Australia, who has made a brilliant pre-Wimbledon appearance. In the Surrey grass courts championships at Surbiton he won his first matches on British soil. Pails is twenty-five; was born in Nottingham; has an easy, confident style, masterly footwork, and a quiverful of piercing strokes. His service wins him many points; sometimes a cannon-ball, sometimes a kicking twist. He has the quickness, balance and footwork of a boxer, and he is one of the best-fancied players for Wimbledon.



A smash across the net.

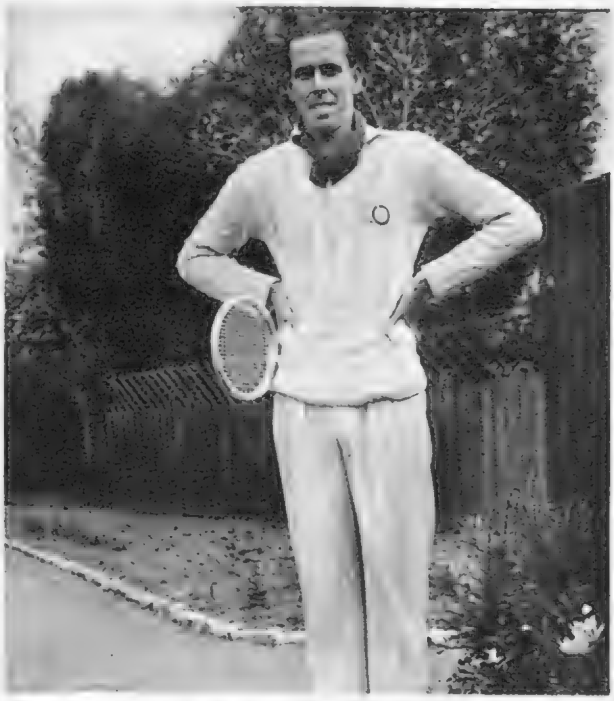
NO. 2 RANKING AUSTRALIAN — DINNY PAILS IN ACTION

DINNY PAILS, *No. 1 (Australia).*

JACK KRAMER, *No. 2 (U.S.A.).*

GEOFFREY BROWN, *No. 3 (Australia).*

" PANCHO " SEGURA, *No. 4 (Ecuador).*

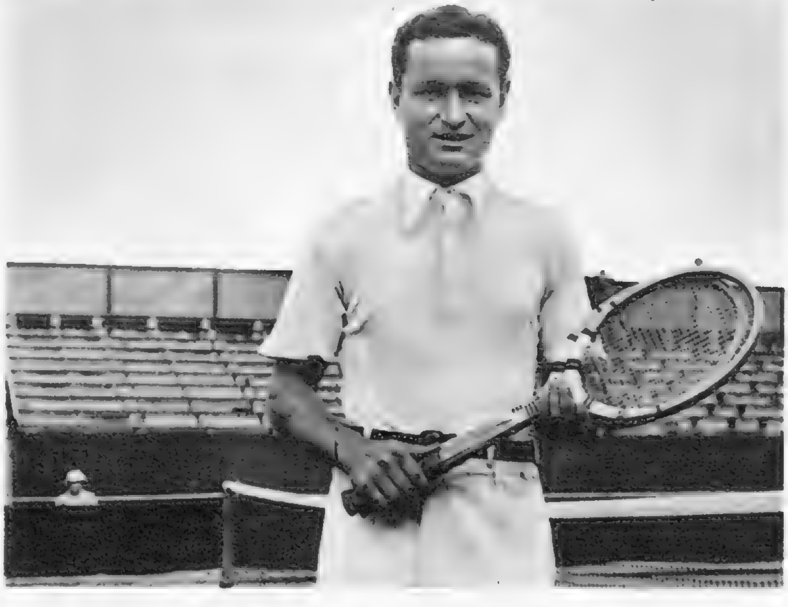


YVON PETRA, *No. 5 (France).*

D. MITIC, *No. 6 (Yugoslavia).*

SEVEN OF THE EIGHT MEN SEEDED FOR WIMBLEDON.

No British player is seeded in the draw for the Men's Singles at the Wimbledon All-England Championships, which were due to open on Monday last,
[*Continued opposite.*

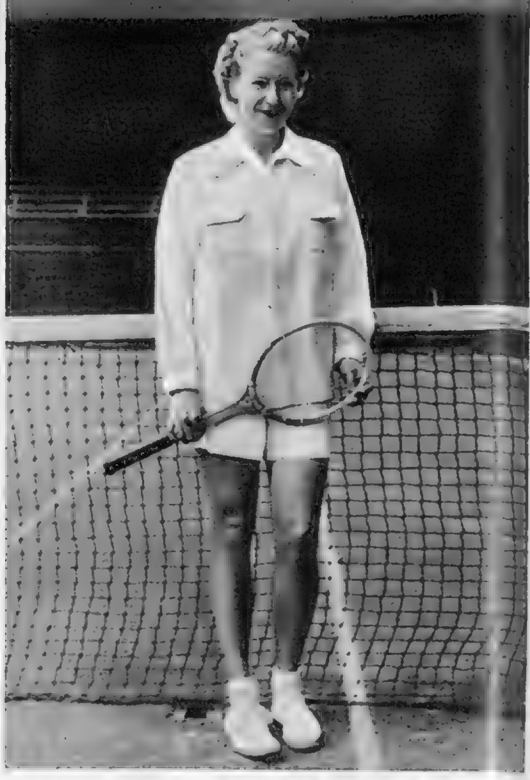


F. PUNCEC, *No. 7 (Yugoslavia).*

Continued.]
June 24. The first name on the list is the Australian Dinny Pails, whose brilliant strokes are illustrated on another page. Then comes America's premier player, Jack Kramer, recently demobbed from Coast Guard Service, who is expected to be Pails's chief challenger and probable final opponent. Geoffrey Brown, Australia's fourth best, is the next on the list. He is ambidextrous and was in the R.A.A.F. " Pancho " Segura, of Ecuador, ranked No. 3 in America, is the fourth seeded player, and the fifth place is occupied by Yvon Petra, France's No. 1 Basque-born player. The Yugoslavian No. 1 and No. 2, Mitic and Puncec, come next, and the eighth man is L. Bergelin, from Sweden.

MISS PAULINE BETZ, *No. 1 (U.S.A.)*.

MISS MARGARET OSBORNE, *No. 2 (U.S.A.)*.



MISS LOUISE BROUGH, *No. 3 (U.S.A.)*.

MRS. KAY MENZIES (*née Stammers*), *No. 4 (G.B.)*.

MISS DOROTHY BUNDY, *No. 5 (U.S.A.)*.

MRS. JEAN BOSTOCK (*née Nicoll*), *No. 6 (G.B.)*.

SEVEN OF THE EIGHT WOMEN SEEDED FOR WIMBLEDON.

MISS DORIS HART, *No. 7 (U.S.A.)*.

EIGHT women players have been seeded in the draw for the singles in the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships, which were due to open on Monday last, June 24—and only two British girls are in the list—Mrs. M. Menzies, formerly Miss Kay Stammers, and Mrs. Bostock, formerly Miss Jean Nicoll. All four of the successful American Wightman Cup team are seeded together with another U.S.A. entrant, Miss Dorothy Bundy, Wimbledon player before the war. Miss Betz, three times American Singles Champion (1942-44), is the favourite for the singles at Wimbledon. Miss Osborne, who is ranked No. 3 in the U.S.A., has been holder of the American Doubles Championship since 1942 with Miss Brough, the U.S.A. No. 4. Miss Doris Hart ranks No. 6 in America. Mrs. Bostock is our No. 1 and Mrs. Menzies No. 2. The eighth seeded player is Madame Laffargue, from France.

U.S.A. BALLET FOR COVENT GARDEN.

ALICIA ALONZO *and* ANDRÉ EGLEVSKY, *two of the leading dancers of the New York Ballet Theatre in Pas de Deux (Tcherepin-Oboukhoff), to be given on July 11.*

Modern American ballet: JANET REED *and* JOHN KRIZA *in "Fancy Free," to Leonard Bernstein music, with choreography by Jerome Robbins and scenery by Oliver Smith.*

ON American Independence Day—Thursday, July 4, the well-known Ballet Theatre of New York will open their season at the Covent Garden Opera House. Classical works such as "Les Sylphides" and "Giselle" figure in their repertoire, and they are also giving "Petrouchka," a favourite ballet which has not been seen in London for a long time; but perhaps the chief interest will be provided by productions entirely new to us, such as "Fancy Free" and "Pillar of Fire." Choreographers for the Ballet Theatre include Fokine, Antony Tudor and David Lichine, and Leonard Bernstein, William Schumann, Morton Gould and other American composers are represented. On the opening night the programme consists of "Les Sylphides," "Fancy Free," "Black Swan" and "Bluebeard." The season is to continue until August 3.

JEROME ROBBINS *in "Helen of Troy," the ballet to Offenbach music, with choreography by Lichine, which will be given on the second night, July 5.*

LUCIA CHASE, *leading dancer and director of the Ballet Theatre, as the Eldest Sister in "Pillar of Fire," a ballet to music by Arnold Schoenberg, with choreography by Antony Tudor.*

"GAIETY GEORGE"—

INSPIRED BY GEORGE EDWARDES' LIFE.

"GAIETY GEORGE," the George King production, is due for its gala *première* in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, which is to be attended by Queen Mary, on Friday, June 28, at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square. The film is inspired by the memory of that great theatrical figure, George Edwardes, the inventor of musical comedy; and traces the career of young George Howard, who comes from Dublin with a legacy to invest in the old Princess Theatre, a moribund London playhouse. Success does not come easily, and George has many troubles, but his high courage and genius for showmanship surmount them. But in the 1914-18 war he suffers a long term in a German prisoners-of-war camp and returns an aged and discouraged man. His loyal wife helps him to carry on to the end with his tradition of gaiety and beauty.

Enthusiastic youngster from Dublin: George Howard (RICHARD GREENE) *comes to London determined to spend his small legacy on buying the moribund Princess Theatre—for new-style entertainment.*

Kathryn Davis (ANN TODD), *star of "Tally-Ho Girl," is furious at the sensational introduction of real horses and hounds into the theatre, and decides to break her contract.*

A scene from "The Tomboy Princess," one of George Howard's musical comedies—his startlingly novel theatrical shows, with LENI LYNN *as Florence Stevens.*

Kathryn Davis (ANN TODD), *the loyal wife of George Howard, makes an appeal to the acid journalist Carter* (PETER GRAVES) *not to attack Howard.*

ANN TODD, *as Kathryn Davis in "Tally-Ho Girl." On another page we publish rehearsal pictures for the shooting of the Equestrienne sequences in the film.*

SCHOOLING THE "GAIETY GEORGE" JOCKEY GIRLS.

"GAIETY GEORGE," the brilliant George King production inspired by the life of the late George Edwardes, the father of musical comedy, is due for its gala World première on June 28, at the Warner Theatre. This is in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund and will be attended by H.M. Queen Mary. The theatrical backgrounds of the picture include the sensational Equestrienne Parade of Jockey Girls—one of "Gaiety George's" brilliant notions, brilliantly produced. Our amusing photographs show that it is not so easy as all that to be a glamour girl in pictures—and that a cardboard horse needs almost as much expert management as a thoroughbred two-year-old.

And here DAPHNE BARKER *(of Jack and Barker fame) is getting into the saddle of her mount—rather a trickier proposition than getting on the back of a flesh-and-blood horse.*

he EQUESTRIENNE SEQUENCE *in* "GAIETY GEORGE" *(Warner Theatre, June 28) as not all that simple to produce and shoot. This rehearsal snapshot indicates that the management of the "horses" had to be most expert.*

The finished product! This lovely Amazon with a perfect seat and a well-cut habit skirt only achieved her high standard of "horsemanship" by careful practise of balance and management of her cardboard steed.

This might be a remarkable kind of feminine centaur—actually it's a practice snapshot of one of the glamour girls for the Equestrienne Parade of Jockey Girls in "Gaiety George."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE "moonlight" of Mr. Joyce Cary's title is Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," to music-lovers of Victorian times pre-eminently the symbol of romance. Much of his novel takes place, retrospectively, in those times when to play the "Moonlight Sonata" was the ambition of so many accomplished young ladies. Mr. Cary's imagination is steeped in symbolism; perhaps he wants us to think of nineteenth-century moonlight as opposed to twentieth-century daylight; nor is he blind to the possibility of moonlight being also moonshine; for no author is more sharply aware how the meaning of a thing goes out of it when it is called by another name.

The three sisters belonged to the age of feeling. Aunty Ella felt tremendously, for everyone; her beautiful, tormented nature was capable of infinite sympathy, and most of all, for a reason I am too discreet to give, did she feel for Amanda. Amanda must not share her fate; she must marry, and it must be a love match; and if the handsome farmer, Harry Dawbarn, was too poor, then Amanda should be endowed. But Aunty Ella had no money—the money all belonged to her sister, Rose; and Rose had made a new will that left very little money to Amanda, if she married. Rose forced Ella to take the will, before it was signed, and acquaint herself with its provisions. . . . She did not get it back before she died. So the villa and its contents went to Aunty Ella, who immediately had them put up for sale, for Amanda's benefit.

In recognition of his magnificent performance in Sophocles' tragedy "Œdipus," at the Century Theatre, New York, LAURENCE OLIVIER *was handed a laurel wreath by* MR. NICHOLAS G. LELY, *Minister i/c Greek Information, with* MR. JOHN D. KALERGIS *watching. Olivier also received an honorary degree of M.A. of Tufts College, Boston, for his work as producer, director and star of the film "Henry V.," which next day had its première in New York. The Old Vic Company's enormously successful New York season was topped by a huge film offer from Hollywood to the whole Company.*

Tyrant and Victim.

Afterwards Ella regarded herself as a criminal and even made a confession to the police. She, more than any of them, had been the victim of Rose's lifelong tyranny; the tyranny of a self-righteous, managing woman who knew what was best for everyone. Rose had wrecked her sister's happiness and disabled her nervously and spiritually, persuading her that what she, Rose, willed was right. One half of Ella acquiesced in Rose's ascendency, the other half rebelled; one half loved, the other half hated: hence the psychic conflict and the guilt-complex.

But the two sisters, and the third, the married one who died leaving a tribe of children, were alike in this: they believed in the emotions, and in certain lines of conduct—settling down, marrying, having money—as promoting the welfare of the emotions; whereas the younger generation, Amanda and her two so different suitors, Harry and Robin, had no such faith and no such assurance. Nor had Bessie's children, of whom Dorothy is described as enjoying the "great superior force of one both insensitive and superbly confident of her own inability to feel." And Amanda thinks wistfully, "I hope at least I shall have some feelings about something—some definite feeling." And this was after she had been to the fair with Harry.

The story closes with the sale of Aunty Ella's possessions—one of Mr. Cary's magnificent climaxes, charged with high tension, incandescent with the play of superimposed and interwoven meanings. Here all the surviving characters appear in their true colours, and all the many animating ideas and motifs make their final bow. But impressive and exciting as the climax is, it does not give that heady, almost intoxicating sense of confidence in life which has often been Mr. Cary's last word to his readers. Rather we feel that the Victorian Age is being sold up and there is nothing to take its place.

Miss Ethel Vance.

Miss Ethel Vance has it in her to be one of the half-dozen most distinguished novelists of our time. Is it because we are aware of these potentialities that we often read her with a faint feeling of disappointment? Or is it because she herself is so deeply aware of life's failure to satisfy that she infects us with the same suspiciousness towards her own work? Only one of her books, "Escape," was a full meal. From the others (I admit to not having read "The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena") we rise still feeling hungry. That was true even of her most exquisite story, "Bitter Tea." Then she was Miss Grace Zaring Stone; now she is Miss Ethel Vance. Does Vance mean advance?

"Winter Meeting" is more than a long short story, less than a novel: a novelette. Stacy, a New York "socialite," wants to give a dinner-party *à quatre* to the war-hero of the moment, "Slick" Novak. By chance he runs into Susan Grieve—poet, hospital worker, bearer of a well-known New England name. Will she make a fourth, the other woman being Peggy, his beautiful secretary? With reserve, as she does everything, Susan accepts. The evening is almost a failure, the hero, socially a nonentity, is a "sticky" guest; but on the way home he invites himself, much against her will, into Susan's flat, and, later, with her full consent, spends the night there. Next day she takes him a four-hour journey to her home in Connecticut.

"L'Affaire Grieve."

L'Affaire Grieve, as Stacy called it, was of the briefest, but it gives Miss Vance the subject of her story—a story that is, on the surface, one of shame, betrayal and humiliation; for the idol of the public, the handsome hero of the submarine, proves himself anything but a hero in Cupid's wars. Susan discerns his spiritual need and to appease it tells him the terrible story of her father's madness, stripping her soul bare to make a covering for his. "What a horror of emptiness, too, she thought. I am as ghostly as a field of winter thistles. I had nothing but sorrow, and even that he took away."

Only at the end does she get some return for her sacrifice: the faith in him that enables her to let him go. An austere reward; but austerity, in emotion as in style, is the mark of this and of all Miss Vance's work. It is not for nothing that she lays her scene in winter. The vital spark is thickly covered in snow and frost; at most, the icicle thaws to weep a tear. How facile and vulgar, by comparison, are the emotions of Stacy and his pretty secretary! Yet they amuse us, and without them and the windows they make on the gay life of New York, the ordeal of Susan and Novak would seem too withdrawn, too much enclosed in its own idiom of bleak, inarticulate suffering. As it is, a reader must be sensitive to the tension generated by understatement if he is not to feel that Miss Vance might, with advantage, sometimes let herself go. But this is a matter of taste; and I would not by a clumsy word destroy what for many discriminating readers may prove to be their greatest fictional treat for many a long month.

A Man's Woman.

After this, Miss Iris Bromige's "Stay But Till To-morrow" seems a rather commonplace story of a girl who had to find her own level, and her own happiness, in a world from which the shelter of home life and the comfort of established ties were suddenly and rather violently withdrawn. But Kay was a man's woman and ready, within limits, to dance to the tune they piped; it is just a question of how long she will be able to hold out against the overpowering protectiveness that one of them offers her.

Unfriendly Friends.

If the reader is incautious enough to assume from the title "Murder Among Friends" that the visitors assembled in Cecily Lightfoot's flat on the fatal day were united in any bonds of kindly feeling, he will have a rude awakening. Strong currents of passion had deeply scored the personalities of almost every one, leaving ugly traces of their passage even when spent. When Aubrey Ritter was found murdered in the flat above, circumstantial evidence pointed only one way; but Alice Church could not reconcile her personal impression of the suspect with a crime of violence. Uneasy at the discrepancy, she sought to resolve it by discussing the suspect with the other guests at the party. To see them as others saw them was not to see them through rose-tinted spectacles, but the various glimpses provide an interest that never flags.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Moonlight. By Joyce Cary. (*Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.*)
Winter Meeting. By Ethel Vance. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
Stay But Till To-morrow. By Iris Bromige. (*Longmans; 8s. 6d.*)
Murder Among Friends. By Elizabeth Ferrars. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)

"Debrett's Peerage" has been published in eight reigns and three centuries. This year's issue, revised from cover to cover, is the 144th year, and has a double pagination of 3000 pages. In spite of the rise in the cost of production, it has not altered its pre-war price of 105s. net. Mr. Hankinson, writing in his preface on world affairs and how they affect Debrett, makes yet another paraphrase of a famous Churchill phrase when he says "never has so much history been contained in so little time." He records that War Honours have put some 1500 new names in Debrett, and war casualties have caused two Dukedoms, two Baronies and eight Baronetcies to become extinct, while there are 1300 names in the Debrett Roll of Honour. He refers to Princess Elizabeth's service with the A.T.S., for she is the first Royal Lady to become an active full-time member of one of the Women's Services; to the taking up of the title of Earl of Selkirk by Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton, brother of the Duke of Hamilton, and to the brief tenure of several titles. Debrett has, this year, added to the section dealing with the Royal Family by including the descendants of Princess Augusta of Wales, eldest sister of George III., which brings into the scope of Debrett the Royal Families of Sweden, Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg.

Pin-up Girl: No.55. Maureen O'Hara

Dublin-born, Twentieth Century-Fox star MAUREEN O'HARA *has naturally curly dark auburn hair, hazel eyes: is 5 ft. 7½ ins. tall. She joined the Abbey Theatre School; won every dramatic award and medal in Ireland. Came to London and at 17 was cast in "Jamaica Inn." Then followed the offer of lead in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and with her mother she crossed the Atlantic for her first Hollywood film. Now she is teamed up with Dick Haymes and Harry James in the Technicolor "Do You Love Me?" due at the Gaumont, Haymarket, last Sunday.*

PASTURES NEW.*

By BERTA LAWRENCE.

AT the top of the hilly street the derelict tram-lines ended; so did the two rows of soot-blackened houses with prim lace curtains and yellow-stoned steps. Two miles behind him, underneath the smoke wreathing serpent-wise from factory chimneys, lay his own street, precisely similar to this one except that it was flat, and his own home that was a replica of these.

Where the road forked the boy hesitated, and then chose the left-hand way, which was only an uneven lane running between low, broken stone walls, its entrance cluttered with empty tins and torn rags.

Padding softly in his old canvas shoes, the boy missed his familiar pavements and felt a sudden pang of loneliness. Why hadn't he gone with Sam and Ginger to fish in the murky canal behind the factories? He sighed, hesitating, glancing regretfully at the jam-jar he carried and at the net bought on Saturday with his lollipop money.

" Wish I 'd gone down to the canal. What did I come here for ? "

A fugitive breeze, cooled by an early shower, brushed his cheek. He climbed on the broken wall and no longer wondered why he had come. The field beneath him might have been strewn with gold-dust, so thick were the buttercup heads among the grasses. Their fellows grew coarse and rank upon the banks of the canal, and for the boy had no relationship to the buttercups in the meadow.

" Coo ! Wonder how long it 'll take the sheep to eat them all off ? " A huddle of sheep nibbled in a corner of the field; there were no cows, or he would have turned back. Suddenly blithe, he jumped down and ran across the meadow, while his shadow loped before him, long and dark on the goldy-green. The morning sky stretched over the fields, a canopy of blue unwrinkled silk.

" You 'd think it had just been washed ! " The little boy chuckled at his own thoughts, beginning to take pleasure in his enterprise.

He dropped over a stile and came to a field where the ground squelched under his feet. His canvas shoes showed mud-stains. There was a marshy place where freckled yellow flowers stood together in colonies, each flower a bunch of frail golden keys held together with palest green threads. He remembered seeing some on a coster's barrow last spring.

" Cowslips ! " he cried, dropping jar and net and beginning to pick in mad haste. Then he saw other flowers growing in hundreds among the cowslips, and these opened small dark mouths, purple as grapes, the lower-lip strangely spotted. He picked a bunch and tied them together with a piece of grubby string. They were wet and had a clean, sensuous smell.

As he looked up he saw on his right, far across the field, a grey stone farmhouse, flanked by an orchard. The orchard sloped right down to the field's edge, and against the blue sky it spread a roof of roseate white, supported by grey, leaning columns. The boy ran towards the orchard and stared.

" *Crikey* ! What a tree ! "

Close to the field bowed a huge old apple-tree that was less a tree than one giant bouquet, for the green leaves were hidden by clenched rosy buds and paler bloom.

Among the flowering boughs a maddening bird cried " Pink-pink-pink " and striped black-and-gold insects hummed industriously about the light-scented flowers.

" What a lot of wasps," said the boy. He was seven years old, and the only bees he had ever noticed were big plush-coated ones that occasionally blundered through the class-room window and fussed angrily around the jar of wallflowers or marigolds standing on the sill. As for the white boxes under the apple boughs, he could not think what they were for.

A young woman came out of the farmhouse to hang washing on her line in the garden. As he watched, it pleased him that her braided hair was yellow, just as buttercups were yellow, and that her pinafore was blue. Her firm, strong arms, lifted to peg the billowing white clothes, held the warm flesh-tints of the apple-buds.

The boy turned his head after a darting bird and he saw a small stream that crookedly skirted the opposite side of the field. He might use his net after all. He set off at an awkward trot, with the net hugged to his side under one arm. The trees by the stream had an odd, unfamiliar shape; they were willows, with round, tufted green polls, and their distorted images lay upon the water.

He dipped his net into the stream. A smothered ejaculation burst from him, for his quick eye saw something wriggle as the net broke up the shadow of a branch. Now he was content, for the jam-jar held two little fish, brown-backed and grey-bellied.

" I say ! These are better 'n eels from the canal ! I bet Sam and Ginger will wonder where I got 'em ! "

And jealously he resolved not to tell.

" Oh, look ! That 's watercress, like what Mrs. Healey sells in her shop ! "

Leaning over the stream he grabbed a fistful of greenstuff, put some in his mouth and bit it. Yes, it was watercress all right; damp and cool, yet with a lovely hot sting on his tongue. In great excitement he tied up two wet green bunches. His mother would think him clever to have found it.

But now he thought about going home. There was a stile in the hedge and a white road beyond, a road that somehow wound back to the town. He got over the stile, carefully balancing the jar where the two fish swam uneasily, and found himself on a wide grass verge. The road was empty. In front of him, on the other side, a big white gate had been flung wide open, and to left and right of it tall trees soared towards the sky.

The boy tip-toed across into the open drive, his cheeks burning with new excitement, and the beeches enclosed him in a world of green mystery. Sunlight filtered through the lace-work of their foliage dappling his bare arms and legs, drawing a chequered pattern on the cotton of his shirt. He stood still and gazed upwards, bewildered by this strange play of light and gloom, and started so nervously that water splashed from the jar he carried when a bird shot out like a black arrow, chattering harshly from gaping orange beak.

Bewildered, the boy plunged aside under the beeches, kicking the papery brown leaves of last autumn so that they made a crisp shush-shush round his ankles. Now the trees thinned, he came out into the spring sunlight, and stood on a gravel path that ran beside a red-brick garden-wall.

On the other side of the wall a great tree grew, a tree that was for him the apotheosis of all trees. Green tree in spring, russet tree in autumn, this giant combined the loveliness of both, and the light fell through its leaves as through a net of shot silk. Copper shaded into bronze and bronze into green that was stippled with gold.

Lips parted, the boy gazed without movement, and a ruffled brown bird in the tree gazed back with an eye like a drop of water. Unafraid it sang, and its song was a string of liquid silver bubbles.

Cautiously the boy climbed on top of the wall, first setting his treasures on its broad ledge—the jar of fish, the bundles of dark cresses, the pale-gold, freckled cowslips, the purple orchises, whose name he did not know. Squatting down on the ledge that the copper-beech overhung, he listened enthralled to the rapturous brown bird.

The boy's excitement mounted as he gripped his knees, listening in a kind of suspense, and when the bird flew away he gave a deep sigh, almost of relief.

Wind stirred the leaves of the copper-beech and fragrance smote his senses like a sword. The boy wriggled along the wall, a yard or so beyond the hanging copper-beech boughs, and instantly drew in his breath hard.

Wet and glistening, a tree of dark purple lilac bowed over the brick-work, every amethyst flower winking with pendent drops. Sweeter than honey, stronger than wine, its fragrance filled and intoxicated him. Blindly he put his arms round the branches and embraced them, his face buried in the cool flowers, so that the satiny leaves stroked his naked throat, while drops from the lilac wet his face like tears. For the first time Beauty lay in his arms.

Mean streets, asphalt playground, houses with lace curtains and drab backyards—he was oblivious of such things. The world was not made of these; it was a rainbow-coloured globe, sparkling with dew, spinning dizzily in the blue—and he himself was king, sitting on top of it.

" Go back, this instant ! How dare you come here, trespassing and damaging the flowers ? "

A woman in tweeds, carrying a pair of garden-shears, appeared beneath the lilac-tree. Her face was red with anger.

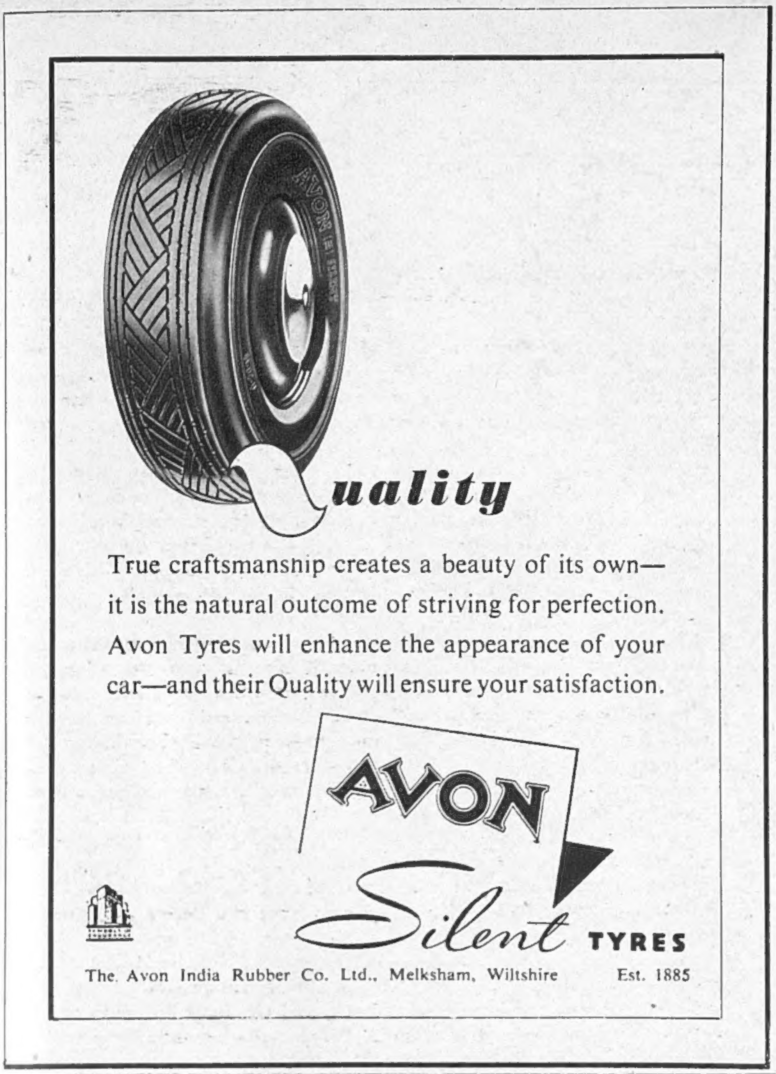
" Get out ! " she said furiously, " and take your rubbish with you ! "

She pushed his possessions off the wall with two angry sweeps of her hand.

In terror he dropped down to the path, where already the jam-jar had smashed and two little fish squirmed on the gravel. He grabbed his other belongings and ran hard, smudging the tears from his dirty cheeks with the back of his short sleeve. Sullen and scared, he raced back to the road, while his heart pounded and he muttered ugly words under his breath.

Finding that he still held the draggled bunch of cress, the withering flowers tied with string, he threw them down and kicked them viciously across the road. They were only rubbish after all. [THE END.]

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*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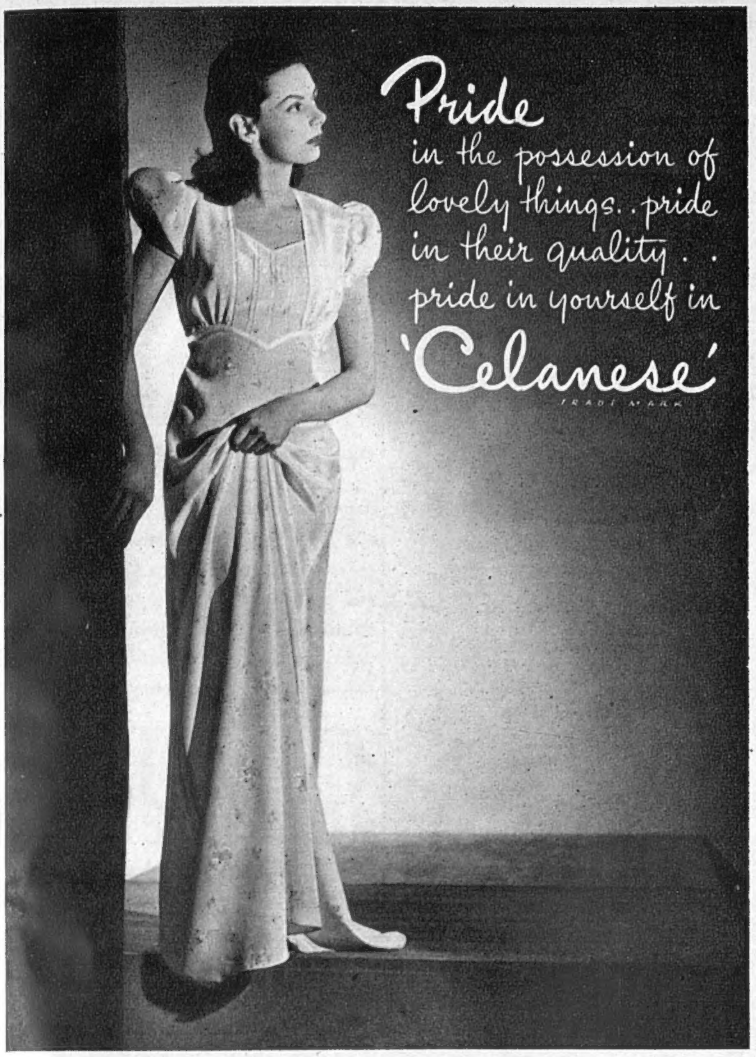
HOUSECOATS

Photographs by Anthony Buckley.

Housecoats, although a comparative newcomer to women's wardrobes, have achieved such popularity in recent years that few women are without one summer or winter. These two designs, chosen in contrast to each other, give some idea of the widely different occasions on which a housecoat is now worn. The one on the left is made by Horrockses of their new West African print in navy, red and white. It is gay and colourful, and just as much at home on the beach and in the garden as in the house. Many of the large London stores, including Lillywhites and Selfridges, will have these in stock this week. The other housecoat (above) is a Harvey Nichols design. It is of rich café-au-lait moire, very sophisticated and elegant, the skirt flowing backwards in a lovely line.



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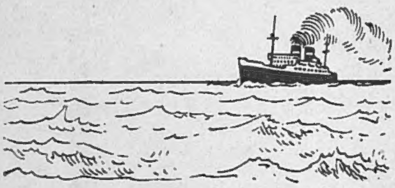

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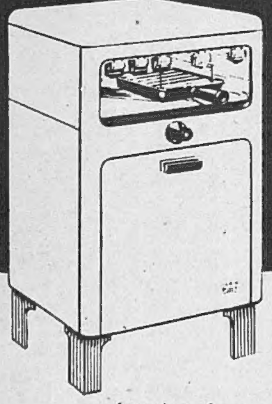

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